NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

THROUGH TRIBULATION.

Ah, if the roses in our path unspringing
Were void of thorns to goad us by the way;
If sweetest music on our senses ringing
Gave no discordant jarring in its play;
And if life floated like a peaceful river,
Kissing us on waveless breast away,
Would our hearts turn in love to the Great Giver
Drawing us nigher heaven from day to day?

Oh, when the clouds above us loom the densest,
Folding their silvery lining from our sight,
When benumbs upon our numb, bewildered senses,
No harbinger of morning's welcome light;
When friends, the dearly loved and fondly trusted,
Turn coldly from us, and a withering blight
Coils round our heart-strings like a loathsome serpent,
Cruel as death and denser than the night.

When adverse fate no other friend hath left us—
Even father, mother, hath forsaken quite,
Chastened, we turn to Him who kept us,
Thro' dark and devious ways unto the right;
He, the dear Father-Friend, forever near us,
Pities the vanquished sufferer in the fight;
Binds up the bleeding wounds, benignly cheers us,
To struggle onward, upward to the light.

Not fitting is it that we should be floated
Too placidly adown life's shining stream,
Our arms upon our bosoms idly folded—
Our senses lulled in some bewildered dream.
Purer are we for grief's baptismal fountain,
Although its waters all too bitter seem,
And tho' the cruel rocks our feet are wounding
Thro' the deep waters shall we come up clean.

MY HEATHEN.

BY M. QUAD.

The other day I was reading a long newspaper article about the moral improvement of the heathen in Africa and the pressing need of more money to carry on the good work. Having half an hour to spare I sat down on the postoffice steps, put my foot on a bootblack's box, and while he used his brush I asked:

"My son, did you ever hear of heaven?"

"That's where the rich men go, ain't it?" he inquired in reply.

"Do you know what sort of a place it is?" I continued.

"It's a bully place, I guess! Bill Kydd told me that there were circuses every day, and a feller walked in free, and there was apples and peanuts and candy all around, and every feller had good clothes and all the tobacco that he wanted."

"My son, did you ever hear of Adam and Eve?"

"Admeve?" he mused, holding the blacking-box within an inch of his mouth and just ready to spit—"less see? Was he the feller that the high Masons buried the other day?"

I waited until he was working around toward the heel my boot, and then asked:

"Can you read?"

"You bet!"

"Did you ever read the Bible?"

"Noap; but I've read nine dime novels clean through, and I'm going to buy another to-night!"

"Do you know what a Bible is?"

"Yes—it's suthin' that preachers read out of."

While he was finishing off the heel I asked:

"You know that you must die some day?"

"I won't have to if I take the doctor's medicine, will I?"

"Yes every human being must die some day."

"Gosh, that's mean!" he exclaimed, leaning back and giving me a sharp look.

"And what will become of you when you die?" I asked as he worked the brush into the blacking.

"Be put into a coffin."

"What else?"

"And then I'll rot!"

"My boy, did'nt any one ever tell you that you had a soul?"

He looked at the soles of his dilapidated shoes, shook his head, and answered:

"Ye want to git some joke on me!"

"Don't you know that you have a soul to save?"

"Oh, go 'long!"

He looked straight into my eyes for half a minute, then moistened his blacking, and went over the boot with the finishing coat.

"Did'nt any one ever tell you," I finally continued, "that there is a hereafter?"

"After where?"

"That the good shall be rewarded, and the wicked punished?"

"Noap."

"Wouldn't you like to go to Heaven when you die?"

"How could I? How could they draw a feller up there?"

"My son, every one has a soul. You have a soul, and——"

"Bully! Where is it?" he exclaimed, dropping his his brush.

"Right here—here in your bosom."

He pulled open his old ragged vest and his dusty, ragged shirt, and glanced down. Then he looked up at me with a suspicious look, picked up his brushes, and set to work on my other boot without a word in reply. He felt that I had decieved him.

"Would you like to be an angel?" I asked, after awhile.

"I couldn't be—I haint a girl!" he replied. "I seed over forty angels in the Black Crook, all was girls!"

"If you live a good life you can some day be an angel. You must not lie or swear, or steal, or cheat."

"Would I have wings on?"

"Yes."

"Could I fly over a house?"

"Yes."

"That 'ud bekindernice," he slowly replied; "better'n catching a ride on the bob-tailed car or climbing a tree!"

There was a pause, broken after a moment by his leaning back and asking:

"If a feller was an angel and flying around, would any of the boys dare shy a rock at him?"

"I guess not."

"Because Bill Knox is down on me and he'd be throwing at me all the time. My dog licked his dog, and he says he can lick me!"

"Don't you know that it is wicked to fight dogs?"

"Naw! 'Taint wicked, is it when your dog licks?'

"Boys who fight each other will never become angels," I said as he bent to his work again.

"Well, I ain't going to stand sass am I?" he retorted. "S'posen a feller called you names and hit you in the back? Wouldn't you maul him?"

He had nearly finished his second boot when I asked:

"Wouldn't you like to go to Sunday school?"

"What fur?" he replied.

"To learn how to be good."

"When is Sunday school?"

"On Sunday."

"I guess I couldn't go—I want to be at the depot and see 'em unload the circus!"

"I am sorroy to see you living in such a state of ignorance, my son; I wish——"

"I don't live there!" he interupted—I live in the Sixth ward!"

"But some one ought to take you in charge and lead you in better paths. It's awful to see a child of your age liv——"

"Child! child!" he echoed. "I licked Jack Donavan yesterday, and he's sixteen years old! I guess I hain't much of a child!"

"If some one does not take you now, in your young days, and sow seeds of goodness in your mind, you will end your life on the gallows."

"I'll bet I don't!" he retorted, as he packed up his brushes. Do you know what I carry in my pocket?"

"No."

"Well, that's full of snuff, that pocket is, and I'd like to see a purleeceman try to arrest me!"

"My boy, I'd——"

"Oh gimme the scrip! They are lookin, for the body of a feller who fell into the river last night, and I want to be there when he's pulled out, so's to see if he's got his eyes open or shet!"

What shall be done with my heathen?

How William Russell got his Patent.

Everybody in Cincinnati knows Mr. William Russell, the blacksmith, whose shop is at the corner of Central avenue and Oliver street. Mr. Russell probably knows more about shoeing horses than any man you can find in a lengthy search, and he has put that knowledge to such excellent practical effect during thirty odd years he has been working at the business in Cincinnati, that he has accumulated a handsome fortune. He has invented a horse shoe that he believes to be superior to any in use, and last week he went to Washington to endeavor to get a patent on it. He was accompanied by Mr. Charles L. Olds, of Springfield, who is interested in getting up a company to manufacture the shoe in that city.

The morning they arrived they took a stroll to the President's strbles to look at his horses. As they reached vicinity two horses were being brought in that had been out for exercise, one the President's favorite saddle horse, and the other Col. Fred Grant's "Rowdy," his favorite trotter. Mr. Russell observed that both were lame, and he was satisfied the fault was in the shoeing. Subsequently they called to pay their respects to the President in due form, like the healthy American citzens they are, and instead of boring him with interrogatories about the third term, Mr. Russell struck upon the horse queastion at once. He stated his name and business, and said he knew what was the matter with those horses—they weren't shod right. Grant was immediately interested. He took Mr. Russell's arm and asked him to walk right down to the stables with him, which he did, and they talked horse and horse-shoeing so fast that Mr. Olds, who was curious to know whether Grant realy wanted a third term or not, couldn't get a word in edgeways.

Mr Russell explained his method of shoeing a horse, and it seemed to agree with the President's idea exactly. He said he wished heaven had sent him such a blacksmith, or words of that effect. Then Mr. Russell offered to shoe those horses himself, and the President was delighted. He issued an order permitting him to use the Government blacksmith shop, and thither Mr. R. repaired, pulled off his coat got some iron, and proceeded to turn out shoes for the President's horses according his own plans. The horses were shod, and when taken back to the stable the lameness was wholly gone. the next day Mr. Russell made another call on the President, who shook him by both hands and expressed his pleasure at having made his acquaintance. He gave him an order for shoes for all his horses, to be sent to Long Branch, and asked how long before he would go to Cincinnati, so that he could send them on. He said he had a little business in Washington that might detain him for some time. He wanted to obtain a patent on this very horse shoe, the excellence of which had just been so satisfactorily tested. The hint was enough. The President wrote a line on a card addressed to Mr Delano, Secretary of the Interior, asking him to see that the patent be issued, if all right, without delay; and, to make a long story short, Mr. Russell had his papers in twenty-four hours, and was on his return to Cincinnati, very happy over the result of shoeing the President's horses.

Pictures as Story-Tellers.

In a village in India recently it became necessary in the course of some engineering operations to transport an enormous mass of metal, weighing several hundred tons, from one part of the town to another. Ordinary means were out of the question; and as the engineers found themselves unable to devise any process, they did the next best thing, and wrote to other engineers in England who were constantly supervising such work. The latter, instead of writing out nice large pages of foolscap, beautifully embellished with Greek letter formulas and red ink, quietly waited until the next big piece of metal which they had to transport offered a favorable opportunity. Then they prepared a camera, and photographed every step of the operation, together with all tools and appurtenances, and forwarded the prints from the negatives to India. These the engineers in the far-off country followed, and with little difficulty accomplished their task. Another instance is that of a bridge, also to be constructed in India but not yet completed. This work involves the placing of very heavy weights and certain difficulties incident to the rapid changes of the level of the water to be crossed. At the present time just such another bridge is in process of erection in London, and the assistance of photography is again called in. As the London bridge grows toward completion, photographs are constantly made; and so when the Indian engineers begin their work, they will be in possession of a set of guides of invaluable assistance to them.

A Grasshopper Story.

One of the most credible stories is to the effect that, a few weeks ago, a woman dug up a panful of dirt in which to plant some flower-seed. She put the pan under the stove and went out to see a neighbor. Upon her return, after an hour's absence she found seven thousand bushels of grasshoppers generated by the heat, literally eating her out of house and home. They first attacked the green shades on the windows, and then a green Irish servant girl, asleep in one of the rooms, was the next victim, and not a vestige of her was left. The stove and stovepipe followed, and then the house was torn down so they could get at the chimney. Boards, joist, beams, plastering, clothing, nails, hinges, door knobs, plate, tinware, everything, in fact, the house contained, was eaten up, and when she arrived within a mile of the place, she saw two large grasshoppers sitting up on end and playing mumble-peg with with a carving knife for which should have the cellar. The way matters leaked out was in a suit brought against the insurance company, which refused to pay the policy on the ground that the building was not destroyed by fire; but the court rendered a verdict for the plaintiff, as she had proven that the grasshoppers were generated by the fire in the stove.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Be Courteous.

It costs no money. It involves no loss of independence. It promotes the comfort of your fellow-men. It is doing to others as you would be done by. It is a form of that brotherly kindness which we owe to every one. It promotes one's sweetness of temper, and, if it demands an effort, adds to one's moral strength. Especially, be courteous if you are in a position which is exasperating to the temper. Giving away to exasperation will do no good. On the other hand, if you have a point to carry, courtesy will help carry it. There can be no diplomacy without courtesy, and diplomacy divides with hard fighting the control of the world. And last, though not least, there is a closer connection between being courteous and being civilized than most of us imagine.

FUNNIGRAYHS.

Egypt is a land of donkeys, but they have morasses in Ireland.

Why is Grant like a power of attorney? Because he knows all men by these presents.

"Time softens all things," except the young man who parts his hair in the middle. Nothing can make him any softer than he is.

Young man, when your intended strikes at a croquet ball and hits her favorite corn, burst if you must, but don't laugh.

"It will come," said a candidate for Mayor of St. Louis the other day, while making a stump speech, "just as sure as it was that Romeo founded Rome."

"Two souls that beat as one," remarked the boy to his mother as she was dealing with him for his sins with both slippers at once.

"Heaven's Own" is the name of a new Nevada town where a railroad passenger saw a woman pinning her husband to the fence with a pitchfork.

A woman does not always notice that here is a button off her husband's shirt, but if he goes home with a strange hair on his coat sleeve she sees it a second, and—if that were all.

In Norway the longest day lasts three months. The man who six months ago promised to call in in a day or two and settle that little bill, must have gone to Norway on a visit.

It's astonishing, says the New Orleans *Bulletin*, to see how little there is of some ladies in these days of contracted skirts. And it is equally astonishing to see how much there is of some others.

When a mother cuts her son's hair with such nice precision and artistic neatness that the boy is ashamed to take off his hat when he goes to bed, it is about time our domestic institutions were overhauled and remodeled.

Editors must be allowed the privilege of apologizing like other people. The editor of the *Northern Vindicator*, of Emmet county, Iowa, apologized for the slimness of reading matter in his last issue for the reason that he had been weaning a baby.

Mark Twain, apropos of a new portable mosquito net, writes that the day is coming "when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfitted flies club together and take it out on the minister."

When two Pike county men are about to make a mule trade, the first question asked by the would-be-purchaser is, "What's his record?" Seller replies, "Three niggers and a couple dozen dash boards," and the new owner leads his property off.

When you see a woman with a rawhide hid in the black drapery of her morning wrapper, and calling "William Henre-e-e" in a key about four octaves above high C, you may know of a verity that a whaling expedition is about to set eail.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample inside the crown of which was inserted a mirror. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for?" why, for the man who buys the hat to see how its fits him."

A West-end man sang "Don't be Angry with me, Darling," as he larrupped his wife with a stirrup-strap. But she got the bugle on him, and standing on his stomach, twined her lilly fingers in his locks, and as she strewed his flaxen curls about the kitchen floor, she softly warbled, "Darling, you are Growing Bald."

Little Bessie is the daughter of a Freeport lady who married a clergyman. Not long since, when father was away, and she was playing in the yard, a stranger came along and asked if the minister was at home. "No," she answered, "but my mother is in the house, and she will pray with you, you miserable sinner." He passed on.

As a general thing, it not best to implore young gentlemen to dress gushingly; but if they will insist on wearing a handkerchief in the rear pocket of their pantaloons, it would be an ordinary favor to a blushing public to select such as have ornamental borders. It is well to feel sure it's a handkerchief, that's all.

An Irish couple, a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door-bell of one of the Protestant parsons of Chicago. The door was opened by the clergyman, and, on inquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael that he and Bridget came to get married. "And why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?" "And sure we did," answered Michael, "and he tould us to go to the divil, and so we came to you."

Jeff. Davis and his Evil Fortunes.

A correspondence of the *Watchman and Reflector* draws a very melancholy picture of Jeff Davis' present life and the ill-fortune that has dogged him ever since his downfall began. He came out of the great struggle, says the writer, with money enough to enable him to live comfortably for his remaining days, but an evil genius seems to have pursued him; every investment was a failure. He sought employment and was made president of a life insurance company; it endured his administration for a year or two, and then gave up the ghost. He bought stocks, but always to sell at less than cost. And now he is, or very soon will be, dependent upon the charity of the people, many of whom have an aversion for him. He would rather work than lay himself under obligations even to his best friends, but he is over 70 years old, and nobody cares to give employment a man whom bad luck persistently follows. Indeed, he has but few friends—none among the loyal people—and the friends of the "lost cause" charge all their failures to his mismanagement; so he lives with his wife, and quite numerous family, in a very quiet way, avoiding publicity. He declined to deliver the Decoration Day address at Memphis, saying that he was directly interested and that he might say something that he would afterward be sorry for. His punishment is indeed severer than if he had been made a martyr to the "lost cause" on the scaffold.

Goodness of Gen. Lee.

The following anecdote is told by that gallant and genial gentleman, Col. Kane. On his way on one occasion to visit Gen. Lee, a country gentlemen informed Col. Kane that he had just sent a fine sheep to Gen. Lee. This was good news to Col. Kane, who having been living a long time on bacon, was considerable refreshed by the prospect of a dinner of fine mutton. When the dinner came off there was nothing but a piece of bacon and greens, corn bread, and some milk. After a while Col. Kane jocularly remarked to Gen. Lee that Mr. —— had told him he had sent him a sheep lately. "Yes," replied Gen. Lee, "it was very kind of him, and I am very much obliged to him, indeed, and I sent it to the hospital." Col. Kane afterwards laughingly expressed the opinion to Gen. Lee that the piece of bacon on the table must be the same old piece that he dined off when he was there before. Here is an illustration of humanity, self-denial, and Spartan simplicity.

Odd Industries.

One of the myraid singular industries pursued by the ingenious Parisians is that of fattening snails for the market. That the demand for this article of diet is large is proved by the fact that a great number of persons find profitable employment in furnishing an adequate supply. Most small breeders who carry on their business outside "the barriers" of Paris fatten the molluses in tanks, but some prefer to keep the creatures in the open air. The preserve in which snails are fed is divided into eight or ten separate inclosures, each of which is surrounded by a line of sawdust four inches broad, and freshly laid each morning. This simple hedge is an effectual barrier to the passage of any Helix tempted to indulge vagabond propensities and stray beyond the boundaries of its allotted precincts.

Each daily consighment of snails is deposited in one of the parks or inclosures, and left to fast for 48 hours. After this they are removed to another park, where they are provided with an abundance of food, consisting of cabbages, lettuce, endives, thyme, and vine leaves. Purified by their prolonged fast, the snails eat with voracity, and in eight or ten days are fat enough to satisfy the eye and taste of a Parisian epicure. The tax upon fatted snails is very small, but it is estimated that, were the levy to be raised to one-quarter of that set upon oysters, and 50 snails to be counted worth one dozen bivalves, the revenue annually arising from their consumption in Paris would amount to 200,000 francs.

It is stated that a diet of snails reduces a man's flesh until he becomes a mere skeleton. The edible snail of the Gold Coast has a shell three inches long by two inches deep. From this he protrudes a pair of tentacles four inches in length. These tentacles are the choice part of the animal, and are served whole in that savory compound called snail soup.

Shrimp-fishing is also an extensive industry in France, and is mostly pursued by women. The shrimps are plentiful on sandy shores, and the fishers wade knee-deep into the sea, pushing before them a net in the form of a wide-monthed bag sewed around a hoop and fastened to the end of a pole by means of a cross-piece. A bag tied around the waist receives the animals as they are caught. In winter the shrimp retires to deeper water, and there captured in nets drawn by boats. These nets are now made of galvanized wire, which resists the action of the water and is a great improvement on twine. Shrimps are sometimes left by the retiring tide in sandy pools, and when alarmed will bury themselves in the sand by a dexterous movement of their fan like tail. In feeding, they grasp their prey by the short, rake-like appendages between the claws, and so on to the mouth. The choice between shrimps and snails as food is a mere matter of taste, Many persons who partake of the one reject the other with loathing, but there seems, in fact, no reason why both are not as cleanly and wholesome as the oyster.

James G. Blaine.

Several years ago a slab-sided, awkward printer boy, from Maine, found his way to Washington in search of an "easy place." Tom Ewing was then Secretary of the Interior. He was uncle of our gawky place-hunter. To him the youngster naturally applied for assistance in getting the desired situation. This was the encouraging answer he got from Ewing: "I will not get you a place in any of the departments. Moreover, if you find a place and go to work I will use my influence to have you dismissed. I want you to get out of Washington. I am not going to have you made into a limp and helpless nonenity, if I can help it. Go anywhere else; go to the devil, if you like, you shan't stay in Washington." This inspiring counsel drove the printer youth back to Maine again. Had Ewing found him the desired place, he would to-day be tying tape around bundled documents, or sticking official stamps on somebody else's letters, in one of the departments, an inert human routine machine. But the uncle's sensible brusqueness was the nephew's salvation. The name of that discouraged applicant was James G. Blaine.

Now.

Now!—A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over that ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears. We see also some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond, that ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still farther back, out of sight, stretches the vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it hath no bounderies; but all that we possess is represented in this small word—Now! The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—now!

A Novelty in Surveying.

The delicate chemical balance has been added to the list of surveyors' instruments. By the aid of this instrument the number of acres in an irregularly shaped surface may be accurately computed. The method by which this is applied is simple enough. The plan of the desired territory, having been first measured and reduced by scale to paper, is is then cut out and carefully weighed. A portion of the same paper—that is, paper of the same weight and thickness—is then cut to a size that will represent one acre, and its weight recorded. By dividing the weight of the paper that represents in outline, the whole section surveyed, by the weight of that which represents one acre, the quotient represents the number of acres and fractions of an acre in the whole. This way of measureing surface gives less trouble, less calculation, and less liability to error than any other easy method.

The Slave and his Enemy.

A slave in one of the West India Islands was noticed by his master, very carefully watching over a poor old broken-down negro, who had been purchased with a lot some days before. He shared his bed with him; fed him at his own table; carried him into the sunshine when cold, and into the shade when hot. His tenderness led his master to suppose the old man was some relative, and he inquired if he were his father.

"No, massa," was the answer.

"Perhaps your uncle, or some other relation?"

"No massa, no relation not even friend?"

"Why then, do you treat him so kindly?"

"He my enemy, massa," replied the slave. He sold me to the slave dealer. My Bible tells me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; when he thirst, give him drink."

THE Fourth of July must have been a dull day in New York and vicinity. In the metropolis itself there were only twenty-one cases of deadly assault, and of those but ten have terminated fatally. Brooklyn furnishes a beggarly score of nine, mostly cases of maiming, though there are two in which the victims are believed to beyond cure.